



*Vox Fluminis*  
... 1944



*United Church of Canada*

# UNITED COLLEGE

*in affiliation with*  
THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

*Students are offered courses in:*

FACULTY OF ARTS AND SCIENCE—leading to the B.A. Degree and including pre-professional courses for: Commerce, Engineering, Law, Medicine, etc.

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WINNIPEG

MANITOBA



*Vox Fluminis*  
*Riverbend School for Girls*  
*Winnipeg, Canada*

## *To My Friends*

IN LESS than a week from when the idea was first mooted I was at sea with ten children. Perhaps, figuratively speaking, I was at sea before, for it would be easy to go adrift amid the numerous questions to be answered before departing. Passing from one inquisitive official to another I became intimately acquainted with my physical attributes and details of my own uneventful existence. At first timidly, conscientiously I pondered over these many forms. Should one make allowance for wear and tear? And just how many pounds would be lost before my papers had to identify me under the scrutiny of an official eye? Now I enter into the spirit of the thing and know most likely the document will be shelved anyway.

I had been to many movies before but never one that seemed quite so real; one almost felt as though one were part of it. Enchanted always by the present scene, on episode followed another and so became the past, already forgotten in the imminent prospect of a still unpredictable future. Thus I viewed my Canadian life from the standpoint of my previous background. It was real and as yet unassimilated.

Perhaps you will remember when Alice stepped through the looking-glass she found nothing she hadn't known before, yet it **was** surprising; everything had a slightly different look and the oddest things happened, yet nobody seemed to worry. When they wore their summer dresses and had ice cream with chocolate sauce for supper, although the temperature was 20 degrees below zero, Alice found it very good.

"The point to remember," said Alice (to herself) "is that almost anything may happen and after that almost anything again."

Looking-glass land was like a huge plum pudding made in the Victorian style, the plums came from every part of Europe but over it all was the sauce of an eager New World.

And this reminds me of the rationing of food and of clothes and many other things as yet unexperienced. I wonder what it will be like when I try to go back through the Looking-glass again. Is it possible? I do not think so. I shall go forward into another country like the first yet seen by the light reflected from the second, familiar, yet full of jolting surprises.

I went to visit many places and many friends scattered over Britain from Cornwall in the very south of England, to the Kingdom of Fife in Scotland. Always one seems to be separated from some friends and soon the distances will be greater than ever as I leave Canada behind. If only all of them could be assembled together in one place (one can imagine the mutual repulsion of some members), then I would know that this place were Heaven indeed!

Which reminds me of the story of the Sunday School teacher who asked the class to put up their hands if they wished to go to heaven; all did except one little boy. "Well, sonny, don't you want to go to Heaven?" said he. "NOT if all that gang is going to be there."

M. C. Bell.



*. . . To Miss Bell*



*. . . who through her kindness and interest has won a place in the hearts of all Riverbend girls, this edition of Vox Fluminis is lovingly dedicated.*

### *Principal's Letter*

Dear Girls:

I THOUGHT I should like to say just a few words about our "Sir James Aikins' Trophy—the Winged Victory" which stands in the hall of the White House. You all know that your weekly House points go towards the winning or the losing of that trophy for your House. I hope you have taken the trouble to look at the trophy with more than a passing glance. The story of it was printed in the Vox Fluminis some years ago, but it bears repeating.

The immense original—or what remains of the original—stands in the Louvre, in Paris, and represents Nike, the Goddess of Victory. It was made about 300 B.C. by a Greek to celebrate a great Greek victory, and was set up on the island of Samothrace, in the Mediterranean. In later years the Roman army devastated the land, and destroyed all the monuments. In 1865 a Frenchman came upon pieces of white marble which experts put together to form the beautiful statue as we have it today. The head and arms were never found. On a coin which was struck about the same period this same statue is represented standing on the deck of a ship; in her right hand she holds a trumpet to her lips and in her left a torch in the form of a wooden cross. If you look at the statue you will admire the clever moulding of the wings, and the beautiful drapery which appears to be blown by the wind as if she were the figure head of some great ship battling through wind and wave with power and assurance.

The statue brings to mind a poem of Robert Browning which might almost have been dedicated to her:

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast  
forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong  
would triumph  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
Sleep to wake."  
Let us all try to live with that spirit of confidence.

Yours affectionately,

J. MAY CARTER.

# VOX FLUMINIS

## EDITORIAL STAFF

<i>Editor</i> .....	DONALDA MURDOCH
<i>Assistant</i> .....	HEATHER CARLYLE
<i>Literary</i> .....	GLADYS ROBISON
<i>Assistant</i> .....	BARBARA CAMPBELL
<i>Business</i> .....	ROBIN LITTLE
<i>Advertising</i> .....	ROBERTA BRINGHURST
<i>Activities</i> .....	KATHERINE IRVING
<i>Sports</i> .....	JILL RIDDELL
<i>Humor</i> .....	ELEANOR BANFIELD
<i>Assistant</i> .....	BEVERLY FROST
<i>Photography</i> .....	MARIAN HAMBLEY

## *Editorial*

IT HAS been a grand experience to have had the pleasure of being editor of the 1944 Vox Fluminis, and I would like to express my sincere thanks for the marvellous co-operation which I have received.

Another year has ended for Riverbend; a year still enshrouded in war clouds. The year has had its worries, disappointments, failures, and sadnesses, as other years before and those to follow, but these are not the things that we will carry away with us as memories.

"For we know, not every morrow can be sad,  
So, forgetting all the sorrow we have had,  
Let us fold away our fears,  
And put by our foolish tears  
And through all the coming years  
Just be glad."

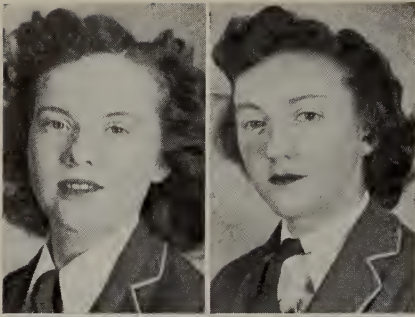
On all sides these days we hear talk of, and see plans being made for our post-war world. We as Riverbenders, will all have our part to play in the world of tomorrow. So let us all be ready to accept what ever challenge comes to us.

We all want more than anything else to make this world a truly happier place for everyone. So let each one of us in ourselves prepare for that happiness. "All, who joy would win, must share it;—happiness was born a twin," wrote Byron. This is the way to happiness "to have someone to love, to live for, and to serve, to live in the lives of others, to make oneself of worth to his fellows, to hold aloft in the world the lantern of helpful friendship.

"Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of all you meet. A life of love and service always keeps a fresh radiance in one's soul."

Someone has expressed it in this little couplet;

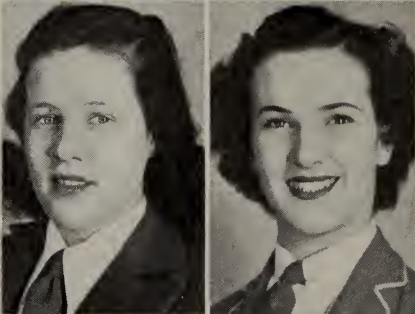
"True happiness if understood,  
Consists alone in doing good."



SHIRLEY BARTON — Shy, blushing type . . . known for her loud sighs and that stamping foot. Ambition: To get her Registration Card.



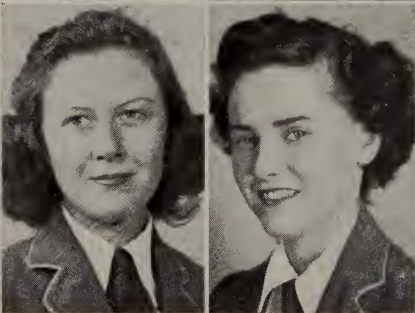
ELEANOR BANFIELD—Pink hair . . . green eyes . . . those curves! . . . tall and terrific . . . "Do I worry?" Ambition: American passport.



BARBARA CAMPBELL—Black feather cut . . . likes dancing . . . known for her writing (in brown ink) . . . member of Canoe Club . . . collects swing records. Ambition: educated loafer.



HFATHER CARLYLE — Alias "Charles Eisceps" . . . known for her squeaky laugh and her expression, "Who snitched my lunch?" . . . sits by the "chattv" pipe in the corner. Ambition: To become a gentle nurse. (That will take some work, Heather).



HELEN DUNFEE — Very long brown hair . . . blue eyes . . . five feet five . . . collects our class money . . . Torontonion . . . known for her St. John's pin. Ambition: To stand on her head.



BEVERLEY FROST—Dynamic type . . . known for swallowing pills with her lunch. Ambition: To get her driver's license. (We have our doubts.)



MARIAN HAMBLEY—Studious . . . our dear president . . . brings all the utensils for the day (salt and pepper, etc.) . . . photograph fiend. Ambition: She wishes she knew.



CATHERINE IRVING—Likes to read in the closet . . . our "Pine Falls" gal . . . blonde hair . . . boarder . . . her history notes appreciated by Heather. Ambition: To be able to skate all around the rink once.



MARGARET JAMIESON — Brought "Frankie" to school to make Miss Bell swoon . . . our librarian . . . known for her glossy hair. Ambition: To get her M.R.S.



MARJORIE LOVE—Our short dark, pin-up girl . . . known for her happy smile . . . fond of the navy . . . sports a Ravencourt pin . . . allergic to curling her hair. Ambition: To keep that pin.



ROBIN LITTLE—Resembles "Veronica Lake" . . . plus long nails and a drawl . . . known for her drawings of girls' faces. Ambition: To have nails like those on the back of American magazines.

SHIRLEY MANESS—Those fingernails! . . . that hair . . . from Domain (six houses) . . . known for her arguing . . . a boarder. Ambition: To be an elocution teacher.

MARIE McCRIMMON—Tall, shy, blue-eyed girl . . . spends her time putting her knee back in joint . . . favorite subject—the Scripture teacher. Ambition: A nurse.

DONALDA MURDOCH — Edits this tripe . . . known for her clean shirts . . . sits and gazes at Sinatra . . . that laugh! . . . spends her time closing the classroom door. Ambition: To be a dietitian.

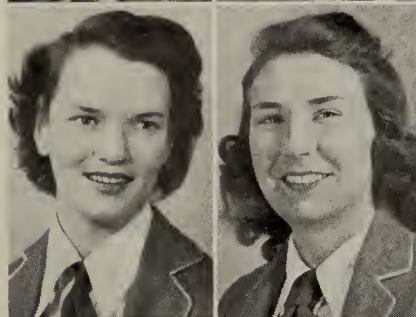
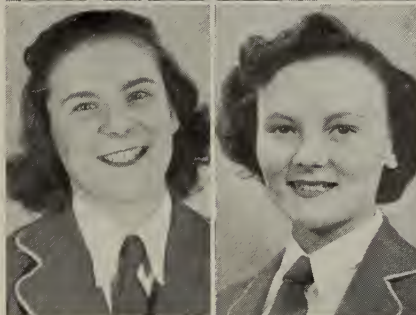
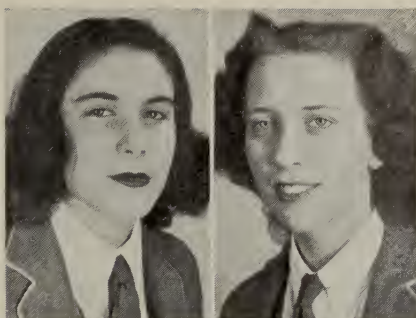
JILL RIDDELL — Known for her "sporty" nature . . . likes the opposite sex (who doesn't) . . . untidy desk . . . always borrowing. Ambition: to grow up.

GLADYS ROBISON—A demure (? ! ) Scotch lass . . . known for her pronunciation of vertically opposite angles . . . such a beautiful complexion. Ambition: To be a nurse. (She'll succeed!)

NANCY STOVEL—Everything's just a big laugh . . . short dark hair . . . full of pep . . . her fur coat? ! ! Ambition: To get exempt in June.

LOUISE TREWHITT — Delicate absentee . . . washes her hair with egg yolks . . . known for her soft, gentle voice. Ambition: To be a housewife.

LEONA YOUNG—Quiet, reserved (?) type . . . dark curly hair . . . known for her tanned complexion. Ambition: To get an average over 60 in her exams.



## Prefects



JOAN CLEGG—Our musician (strictly highbrow) . . . sort of peeved with handsome Scotch Airmen . . . "Practice makes perfect." Ambition: To have hair touching her shoulders.

PEGGY AULD—Our sunshine model (that gal's always happy) . . . full of vim, vigor and vitality . . . spells success . . . "Rhapsody of words." Ambition: A convoy back to England.

JEAN BROWN—Famous for her skating . . . always behind the times . . . desperately trying to keep York Hall at the top of the house point list . . . "Speed is essential in all things." Ambition: You're guess is as good as ours.

JACKIE PORTEOUS—The skater of eleven north . . . left-handed Louie . . . "Look before you leap." Ambition: to get Douglas Hall to the top of the house point list.

JOYCE STEWART—Dramatic type . . . very patriotic . . . keeps up Air Force moral . . . "Creation sleeps." Ambition: To finish her remake project.

LOIS PARKHILL—Member of the Junior Fashion Council . . . always in a stew . . . miles behind in dictated notes. Quote: "Please can I have 25c for . . . ?" Ambition: Depends on the season.

VALERY RAYNER—Our English sweetheart . . . known for her lengthy conversation . . . admired by all who knew her . . . "Silence is golden." Ambition: To return to England.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Valery returned to her home in England last month (March). Although we miss her cheery person, we wish her a lot of happiness throughout her activities at home.

# CLASS NOTES

## GRADE TEN CLASS STATISTICS IN A NUTSHELL

- Most ambitious—Bringhurst. (You should see Mr. Hubble and "Birdie" talking things over.)
- Most athletic—Graham. (Lights . . . Music . . . Action!! . . . Those legs! Whew! !)
- Most bashful—Finlay. (Her face always matches her hair.)
- Biggest bluffer—Smith. (Haven't you heard her line in French!)
- The busiest—Miss Sumi. (Trying to teach us French!)
- Class baby—Swail. ("Oh, Miss Martin . . . wail, moan, etc. . . . how do you do this Algebra?) P.S.—This is not meant to be derogatory, Swail is a darn nice kid.
- Most class spirit—Grade ten. (Who are we kidding?)
- Cleverest—Saunders. (89.5 for an average is pretty hard to beat, or are you all brainwaves?)
- Best dancer—Slater. (Don't you know the team . . . Grable and Slater?)
- Most generous—Warrington. (Especially with those chicken legs at lunch!)
- Has done most for Grade Ten—Mr. Hubble. (Now we appreciate Frankie. What! the last name? Sinatra, of course!)
- Biggest hearted—Jamieson. (When in a jam go to Jamieson.)
- Most independent—Rich. (Except with men!)
- Most ladylike—Judd. (Except when A.W.O.L. . . . a wolf on the loose!)
- Best looking—Dunfee. (Sound effects . . . low, long whistles!)
- Man hater—MacIntosh. (Or so she says but we have our doubts!)
- Most musical—MacCallum. (Have you ever heard her play the violin? She really is good.)
- Best natured—McIlveen. (Or haven't we heard the Irish in her yet.)
- Most poise—Young. (Who do you think coached Greer for her part in Mrs. Miniver?)
- Quietest—Elliott. (We keep pinching her just to make sure someone is there.)
- Most studious—Kinneard. (We wish we knew, and had travelled, half as much.)
- Takes life in earnest—(Sorry nobody answers to that description.)
- Takes life easiest—Hastings. (no truer words were spoken.)
- Most talkative—Popham. ("Je veux mes cacahuettes.")
- Tomboy—Newton. (You mean you didn't come to see our school plays?)
- Wittiest—Bull. (But we have to laugh laugh 'cause she's taller than any of us.)

## GRADE NINE CLASS NOTES

- Marjory McIntyre—Occie.  
Pet Peeve—gorry details.  
Ambition—large vocabulary.  
Saying—"Oh granny!"
- Virginia McMillan—Porky.  
Pet Peeve—Marjory's big words.  
Ambition—getting hitched.  
Saying—"For the love of Mike."
- Josephine Riley—Skinny.  
Pet Peeve—brothers.  
Ambition—Skating (strictly professional).  
Saying—"Do you know??"
- Frances White—Bugs.  
Pet Peeve—Getting blamed.  
Ambition—Not to be back every Saturday.  
Saying—"It's always Frances. Well . . ."
- Marion Anderson—Mare.  
Pet Peeve—Practicing.  
Ambition—To be buried in Killarney.  
Saying—"I'm so excited, kiddo!"



Marguerite Purkess—Perk.  
 Pet Peeve—Working.  
 Ambition—What she can do after she's eighteen.  
 Saying—"You can shout that out."  
 Elspeth Burris—Elsie.  
 Pet Peeve—Science.  
 Ambition—Blues singer (?)  
 Saying—"He says MURDER, he says."  
 Eula Walker—"E"  
 Pet Peeve—Frank Sinatra.  
 Ambition—To be able to swoon over Frankie.  
 Saying—"Are you kidding??"  
 Barbara Halls—Bar.  
 Pet Peeve—Broken love affairs.  
 Ambition—Artist.  
 Saying—"He's simply gorgeous."  
 Mary Burns—Burns.  
 Pet Peeve—Homework.  
 Ambition—To go to "The Sneak" every Thursday.  
 Saying—"Oh boy!"  
 Mary MacKay—"It."  
 Pet Peeve—State of Grade Nine.  
 Ambition—Who knows?  
 Saying—"Be quiet!"  
 Miss Fuller—two guesses.  
 Pet Peeve—Bubbles.  
 Ambition—Sixty-four dollar question.  
 Saying—"Will you girls please . . ."

### GRADES VII & VIII

(Our Class in Song)

June Baker—Moonlight Becomes You.  
 Joy Knox—Scatterbrain.  
 Helen Emerson—Smiles.  
 Betty Morgan—Whispering.  
 Joan Taylor—The Same Old Story.  
 Julia Harris—Pack Up Your Troubles.  
 Marie McRae—Mairzy Doats.  
 Sheila Lawson—Pretty Little Busybody.  
 Donna Barret—Careless.  
 Ann Lewis—A Sleepy Lagoon.  
 Caroline Dowler—Oh, How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning.  
 Mary Pearson—Till the Lights of London Shine Again.  
 Lois Huggard—The Strawberry Blonde.  
 Sheila Smith—All, Or Nothing At All.  
 Vera Cook—Barnacle Bill.  
 Joan Carruthers—No Love—No Nothing.  
 Gwenthys Alsip—Paper Doll.

Marie Swindell—Black Magic.  
 Mercedes George—I Can't Say 'No.'  
 Sigrid Bardal—On Wings of Song.  
 Shelagh Burke—Over There.  
 Ruth Myles—I'm a Little Teapot.  
 Barbara Champ—I Want To Go Back To Old Regina.  
 Mary Mathers—Pistol Packin' Mamma.  
 Barbar MacLean—Brown-Eyed Susie.  
 Miss Douglas—The Bells Are Ringing.

### TEACHERS NOTES

To the teachers we, the graduating class, bequeath; TO:  
 Miss Carter—for her little box, all the money left from 1944 edition of Vox Fluminis (approx. 50c).  
 Mrs. Munroe—all our meat ration coupons.  
 Mrs. Reid—all our thermometers broken in Physics lab.  
 Mrs. Jobin—our six pennies that we collected for War Stamps.  
 Mrs. Jones—all our running shoes and gym shorts—she's always in such a hurry.  
 Miss Bell—all our Canadian 'slang.'  
 Miss Fuller—all our happy smiles and good wishes.  
 Miss Sumi—les memoires plaisantes d'un soir francais.  
 Miss Martin—√ 0  
 Miss Douglas—all our 'Sloppy Joes' and unfinished garments.  
 Miss Burns—all our woollen tunics to use for Red Cross articles.  
 Mrs. Price—all our toys (protractors, compasses, test tubes, etc.)  
 Mrs. Little—the anticipation of starting all our children at Riverbend.  
 Mrs. Aylwin—all the sinful souls, maybe she can reform them.  
 Miss Stewart and Miss Sigurdson—all our musical ability. (Oh! you're getting cheated.)  
 Mr. Hubble—our thanks for the "40 winks."  
 Alec—the sunshine of our smiles, in the hope that they will help his Victory Garden.  
 Mrs. McWilliam—our bookcase in the corner, including the contents—for her house.



# ACTIVITIES

## HOUSE NOTES

THE annual House picnics took place early in the fall. York and Douglas went to the City Park, where everyone enjoyed the swings, games and animals. Garry Hall held their picnic on the University grounds in Fort Garry, where initiations of the new members to the House were held. One of the teachers offered Nelson Hall the use of her lot in Fort Garry, where it is understood, the Nelsonites spent a very enjoyable afternoon.

Although everyone was out of practice, Sport's Day took place in the fall of the year. It was a complete success with Garry winning top honors in both the junior and senior school.

At Christmas, each House, with the exception of Douglas, selected a family, to which they gave their annual hampers. Douglas, as usual, supplied the Point Douglas Mission with gifts for the children.

This year, the Houses presented four one-act plays. These were adjudicated, and Douglas won top honors, with their play "Elmer."

During the mid-term, Inter-House Basketball and Badminton games were played. There was close competition between the Houses, with Garry winning the coveted trophies.

Each girl has a strong feeling for her House, and has co-operated in every way possible to make her own House a success.

I.S., S.S., R.B., E.K.

## LIBRARY NOTES

THIS year a few new books have been added to our Riverbend School Library, donations being made by some of our English girls. The work of cataloguing these and rebinding a number of the older editions in red and blue bindings, has progressed slowly but

surely. In later years the Library is to be extended into a larger and more spacious room. In closing, we wish the librarians of future years, the best of luck in making the new library a success.

M.J., J.C.

## SCHOOL DIARY

Sept. 9th—Opening day—many new students.

Oct. 18th—Field Day—Garry Hall won the cup.

Dec. 16th—Christmas Party—held in the school gym.

Feb. 11th—French plays—under the direction of Miss E. Sumi and Professor Glauser.

Feb. 18th—House plays—By Mr. Neil's adjudication, Douglas won. Their play was "Elmer."

Feb. 25th—School Dance—Miss Winnifred Ruth McIntyre was hostess.

There are many interesting events still to be enjoyed during the summer term. Included in these are the Lilac Tea and Graduation.

## FRENCH NIGHT

ALTHOUGH this venture was quite different from previous years, it proved very successful. Miss Sumi and Professor Glauser spent a lot of time moulding the plays and stories into amusing, natural, every-day incidents. There were many pleased comments on the evening by members of the audience. A vote of thanks goes to Miss Sumi for her wonderful patience and careful teaching.

## ENGLISH PLAYS

THESE also were a new venture. The four Houses, Douglas, Nelson, York and Garry, acted respectively, "Elmer," "The Clock," "The Hat and Stick," and "Michael." All four were very inter-

esting and entertaining. Garry's play was a Russian drama. Mr. Neil, when adjudicating, explained that this was a very difficult first-attempt—but very cleverly attempted.

### GUIDES

THIS year the Guides have been unfortunate in losing some of the older Guides of last year. The activities of the Guides have been left in the hands of the younger ones, who have worked hard to maintain our high standard. Our leader is Miss Mary Harris. We collected toys at Christmas to be given to poorer children, and also sold and delivered Guide cookies. The first and second class Guides have been working hard to pass tests and badges. We hope the future Guides will work as hard, to build our company into one of the greatest in Winnipeg.

J.B.

### BROWNIES

OUR Brown Owl this year is the same as last, Mrs. Oliver, who is assisted at meetings by our Tawny Owl, Mrs. Houston.

We Brownies are divided into Sixes—the Elves, the Fairies, the Imps and the Pixies. We meet at the school every Friday afternoon at two o'clock. At our meetings we have an opening ceremony in which we are all Indians. Then we work on our badges, after which we play Brownie games or learn new songs. In closing our meeting we have a pow-wow circle. It is here that all the important decisions are made. The two most important ones last year were: The Birthday Party in June, to which we invited the Guides, was a huge success. The other one was the "Flying Up," when we said good-bye to four of our Brownies, who went to join the Guides.

A Brownie goes around helping people without letting them know it. Brownies are fun! Every girl should be a Brownie.

C. McN.

### ALUMNAE TO VOX FLUMINIS

VOX FLUMINIS was dedicated to the Alumnae last year and we were very proud. We have endeavored to carry on the traditions of the school, to make the voice of the river heard in the world beyond.

The central interest of the Alumnae is always in the school. This year a dance was given for the grade ten and grade eleven students in order that the members of the Alumnae and girls might become better acquainted.

Other activities have been planned, namely, Old Girls' Day, a bicycle raffle and this year we are hoping to do something to help improve the school library.

Picking up the threads of some of the Alumnae . . . Marg. Dowler is a lab. technician in Cornwall . . . Katherine Bingeman is doing post-graduate work at the Toronto General . . . Shirley Cruikshanks is a medical technician at the Winnipeg General . . . Kitty Rainey and Ann Kingsley are doing very well at McGill . . . Patricia Northcote is back in England . . . Alice Bull is in the Wrens . . . Janet Edgar is in the Air Force . . . Mary McLeod and Joyce Johnston are graduating from the University of Manitoba . . . Barbara South is in nursing . . . many of our new alumnae are attending University, in such courses as Home Economics, Interior Decorating, Science and Arts. These are only a few of the many alumnae but we all join in wishing you as much happiness as we all had while we were at school.

"The passing tide is opening wide  
To horizons strange and new,  
There are great parts for brave  
hearts,  
And noble deeds to do—  
But in all things, memory brings  
The Voice of the River to you."



# SPORTS

AGAIN this year as always, Sports have occupied a big part in our school life. There have been many exciting and interesting games played against other schools, resulting in triumphs and defeats. After school hours enthusiastic players have stayed for extra practices. In these practices we were coached by Mrs. McWilliam without whose aid we could never have reached as high a standard as we have done. We may not have won all the games we played but I am sure that the girls will agree that they have all been great fun and really well worth while.

Our gym periods have been well filled with such activities as pyramids, tumbling, apparatus and exercises.

In the fall every girl had an opportunity to try her aim at archery and play Basketball.

In the Christmas term Volleyball took up most of our interest, and under the capable direction of Miss Martin, we entered the Inter-High School Volleyball League. We all hope that next year we will again be able to enter this League and do even better than this year.

At the end of the Easter term we were very sorry to lose Mrs. McWilliam. (To fill her place Mrs. Kobold has been with us and we realize that she has efficiently carried us through.)

On behalf of all the girls I would like to thank Mrs. McWilliam, Miss Martin, and Mrs. Kobold for all that they have done for us this year and I would also like to thank the rest of the staff for their interest in our games. To all the girls who have lent their co-operation and support to make this year a success in sports I say, "Thank you very much."

PEGGY AULD, Sports Captain.

## *Basketball*

OUR Basketball season this year has been a very active one. Besides playing St. Mary's Academy and Rupertsland, we have had the added pleasure of playing against Kelvin High School and the army "Jeeps." We found it especially interesting to play the last two mentioned as we learned the rules of boys' Basketball. Although we did not win in our private games, we succeeded in beating the army in all of the three games that we have played against them.

This year we were again able to have our four teams, three senior and one junior team. All the players chosen

for these teams have proved their ability in the games which we have played.

We wish to thank both Mrs. McWilliam and Mrs. Kobold for their help in teaching us to play the game.

So in closing I would just like to say to the girls who will be next year's Basketball team . . .

"In life you have two pleasures for your choosing,

One is winning and the other is losing."

E.M.





# BASKETBALL TEAMS

1st Row—Gwenyth Alsip, Mercedes George, Julia Ann Harris, Joan Carruthers, Frances White, Ruth Myles, Sheila Burke, June Baker.  
 2nd Row—Ellen Kimeard, Jill Riddell, Marie MacCrimmon, Peggy Auld, Evelyn Macintosh, Lois Parkhill, Mrs. Kobald.  
 3rd Row—Dorothy Dean MacCallum, Marjory Lynn McIntyre, Virginia McMillan, Eleanor Banfield, Gail Graham, Isabel Slater, Jane Bull.  
 4th Row—Vera Cook, Roberta Bringham, Mary Mackay, Shirley Popham, Gladys Robison, Joan Newton, Shirley Swail.



### GYM IN GENERAL

LATE in the fall, Riverbend had its annual Sports Day. None of the girls were well trained because of so little time to practice, but the events went off as scheduled with nearly every girl in the school taking part in at least one event.

Every grade has three gym periods a week. A certain amount of time is set for the various activities. For instance one period might be taken up with marching, the next with apparatus and the third with a variety programme of perhaps five different games or dances. Most girls enjoy gym because it adds a little more action to the day's curriculum. It allows everyone to let off excess energy and to get a good stretch after studying in desks for the part of a day.

Last year's gym display was a great success and we owe a vote of thanks to Mrs. Kobalt for her patience in training us before it was presented. One of the main features was to illustrate the relaxing exercises which are used so universally at present by war workers. Box and horse work as well as balance beams were featured.

During this year under the direction of Mrs. McWilliam, we have learned a number of new things such as tumbling and many types of pyramids.

The girls feel that our gym periods have been a great success and that we have not only had invigorating exercise, but have learned a great deal.

E.K.

### SWIMMING

SWIMMING has been one of the main sports enjoyed by the girls of Riverbend, from grade three up. Classes have been held every Wednesday afternoon, and for the benefit of those who could not swim, there was some special instruction given. Under the able supervision of Mrs. McWilliam, these classes at the Y.W.C.A. were a lot of fun and a great benefit to all of the girls participating.

### BADMINTON

BADMINTON has again played an active part in the School activities this year. The partners for the doubles of former years were slightly changed, as both the girls had to be from the same House. There was keen competition among the large number of participants. The girls turned up at eleven o'clock Saturday mornings to defend their respective Houses. Some girls were experienced players whilst others were making a very good start. We seemed to overcome the fact that the war caused a shortage of birds. We extend our congratulations to Gail Graham and Jill Riddell, defeating Frances White and Joan Newton in the finals, played off before Easter.

H.C.

### VOLLEYBALL

THIS year, for the second time, Riverbend entered into the Inter-High School Volleyball League. This was the third year of Volleyball for our school. At the beginning of the term many of the girls were unfamiliar with the game, but after careful constructive coaching from Miss Martin the girls soon picked it up. We played schools from all over the city and won a good many of our games. In playing off these games we made friends with the girls of other schools. Altogether this season of Volleyball has been very successful and we hope that next year an even keener interest will carry our team to the top.

G.G.

### RIDING

RIDING has been a leading sport in the school, although not quite so popular as others. The girls have taken riding lessons at the Cambridge Stables every Friday afternoon. Many thanks to Mrs. McWilliam for her splendid co-operation in making this sport such a success.



#### VOLLEY BALL TEAMS

1st Row—Shirley Popham, Peggy Auld, Margaret Jamieson.  
2nd Row—Jill Riddell, Eleanor Banfield, Lois Parkhill, Gail Graham, Evelyn MacIntosh.  
3rd Row—Ellen Kinneard, Miss Martin, Joyce Stewart, Marie MacCrimmon.



# LITERARY

## FALLEN BLOSSOMS

IT WAS a simple little cottage, with slender roses entwining themselves around the heavy oaken door, and yet there was that look about it which made you suppose it was built just for the family who lived in it. They were simple folk too, kind and very sweet as were the roses which gave a delicate scent into the summer air and which ever stretched their climbing stems until they finally succeeded in covering the whole front of the house, emerging in mystic splendour under the eaves. Autumn, summer, winter or spring, no matter what the season or weather, the sun always seemed to be reflected in the sparkling glass windows, which gave the impression of twinkling eyes so bright they were.

The cottage stood in a garden full of beautiful flowers, with green sloping lawns and stone-flagged paths. At the foot of one of these winding paths there stood a wooden gate which had a familiar screech to it, at least it was familiar to the occupants of the house, and which opened out onto a large expanse of sand. Beyond that the singing waves of the ocean flung foam-crested spray far up the beach. The cottage was called the "Golden Flute" because in summer when the wind was low the bees would gather around the multi-colored blossoms and their humming and the faint tinkle of the bluebells—if you listened very closely you could sometimes hear the bluebells ring—sounded so very like a Golden Flute.

When the war commenced in other parts of the world it was still far from the little cottage of the "Golden Flute," and yet as the war drums rolled louder the family living there were not wholly free from the sorrow of it.

The Ashmens, as the owners of the

cottage were called, had a son, Martin. Martin was a tall lad, very slender with clear cut features and grey-blue eyes. His hair was dark like his mothers and he had her voice and the same sweet smile. From his father, who was a distinguished surgeon, Martin got his height and humorous, laughing eyes. When Martin was young he always wanted to be a doctor and when he grew up he decided to study medicine.

At eighteen, Martin went to the University at Edinburgh, where he studied for two years. Then came the fatal year of war when everyones life was changed and when thousands of men, women and children were being mercilessly killed and tortured in the awful terror and cruelty of war. Martin began to think of joining up as all his friends around him began joining the navy, army or air force. After talking it over with his parents it was decided that he should enlist in the navy, since he knew quite a bit about boats and was interested in them. Martin then took eight months of officers training course, after which he emerged as a full-fledged sub-lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserves. He was then given a month's leave before reporting for active duty.

The month was spent at home with his mother and father and sometimes when his father was out on a case, he and his mother would wander down to the sea shore and watch the rolling waves and the seagulls flying high above them as they used to when Martin was a child. Each day was a treasured memory in Martin's mind, yet each day brought him closer to the time of parting. Eventually the day of leave-taking arrived and Martin went for a last stroll round the garden where he had spent his childhood days. Strangely enough everything seemed so much more beautiful then, than it

had ever done before. The flowers gave off a sweeter scent and the bluebells rang so very clearly in the fresh, still air, while the ocean's roll was even more wonderful as it beat upon the shore. Martin went alone to the station because he wanted to keep the memory of his mother and father standing in the gateway covered with climbing roses, until he came home and could stand beside them looking back on the turmoil and unhappiness of war. For the first few days away from home Martin felt his loneliness very keenly, but gradually the changes of his new life gave him other things to think of and he found new friends and new interests. When "The Courageous" put to sea Martin wrote each week to his mother and father telling them all that happened to him. He liked the navy immensely and became interested in navigation, which he studied whenever he got the opportunity.\* The other sub-lieutenants were all young boys about Martin's age and in the evenings they would sit and talk together or play games in the officers' cabin.

For the first few weeks they saw no action and were all very disappointed. Dr. and Mrs. Ashmen continued to receive cheery letters from their son, and sent him large parcels of food and clothing every week.

Then one day a submarine was sighted off the port bow of H.M.S. "Courageous." The action alarm was sounded and Martin took his position on the bridge, relaying messages from the captain to the engine room.

The machine guns spluttered relentlessly and several depth charges were released. The submarine opened fire and one shot struck the port engine room, throwing the engines out of control. A fire started in the cabins below deck next to the engine rooms and a few of the men were trapped in the burning blaze. Another shot found its mark in the stern of the ship and the order was given to lower the lifeboats. Martin, disobeying the order, dashed below decks in an endeavor to save some of the engine crew. Grasping an

axe beside one of the doors he slashed through the wooden door and dragged one of the nearest men outside. Two others, still able to walk, although they were blinded with smoke, stumbled out, while Martin went back for the last man. Unable to find him, Martin called after his shipmates, but they were already on deck. The fire was spreading rapidly and by the time Martin reached the companionway he was trapped. Gasping for breath, half-smothered by the smoke, he staggered along and lay in a crumpled heap on the bottom step. Gradually the bright flames cast by the burning ship were seen no more on the dim horizon, and the "Courageous," sank far below the surface, never again to sail the seas.

A few days later, in a beautiful garden by the seashore, a woman sat watching the birds flying above the ocean and listening to the drowsy hum of the bees. A maid, in clear white uniform brought out a tray with a pot of tea and carried under her arm the afternoon mail. The tray she set down on a table beneath the apple trees, and the mail she politely handed to the woman. A smile spread over the woman's face as she took up the first letter and recognized her son's writing.

Eagerly she opened it, and read and re-read it, happily smiling all the while. It was not until afterwards that she noticed a telegram at the bottom of the pile of letters. Cold fear clutched at her heart and her face was no longer smiling. With trembling hands she tore open the envelope, and only then did she learn the truth. All these months she had known that this would happen sometime and now at last it had come. Through misty tears she saw the leaves on the trees were changing color, and were falling softly to the ground. "How strange," she thought, "I had not realized until now that autumn is coming and old blossoms are fading." Blossoms were fading and gone, and her son, Martin, was gone too. Gone forever. But is not the world a garden, full of the choicest flowers of earth, and Martin then, is he not too a blossom? In time all the



blossoms fade, and fall, but in their place, there grows an even greater flower, more delicately moulded, and more perfect, with a more exquisite scent, to give into the cool summer air. And so in Martin's place will grow another flower next year, and so the world goes on and on and the garden changes, yielding new fruits in spring to take the place of autumns fallen blossoms.

Peggy Auld,  
Grade XI, Garry Hall.

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### LIZA JANE

Now Liza Jane am a leetle girl,  
She leeve by de reever bank,  
An' dan fo' hour she watch seem swirl,  
Weeth her dog whose name am Hank.

Her mama tell her she gonna fall  
In de reever one dese day,  
But Liza Jane she naver care,  
An' dese ees wha' she say:

"Mama I weel be a'right,  
I ain't a chil' no mo'."  
An' after dat she ron away  
Down to de reever shore.

An sure enough she start to fall  
An' lan' right on de breenk,  
Oh, den she start to wail an' call;  
De breenk begun to sink.

But Hank he drag her to de shore,  
Her beatin' she had earned;  
She promised to go dere no mo',  
Her lesson she had learned.

June Baker,  
Grade VII, Nelson Hall.

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### A COMPARISON

THE MORNING was calm and beautiful. Joy was everywhere from the new green plants to the caroling skylark. The sun rose higher in the clear blue, and the glistening dew-drops dried, watering the flesh green buds.

Although everything was joyous this morning, clouds had gathered in the west. They lashed each other, deepening

in color until they became ominous shades of black, green, and yellow. They blotted out the sun, and so the world became dark. It waited for an instant, and then a terrifying rod of blue lightning ripped the clouds asunder, joined quickly with a bullet-like clap of thunder. The rain came down in blinding sheets, blurring out all view of the drenched earth. Then, as suddenly as it had come, the storm slid grumbly off to the east, with only an occasional rumble of thunder.

The sun pushed its way out, just as if nothing had happened, and a beautiful rainbow arched its delicate way across the receding clouds.

Life is like this. Childhood is joyous, it prepares us for the oncoming test, or the storm. When the storm is past, we are left clean and unafraid. No matter how black the surging clouds may have looked, no matter how difficult our trials may have seemed, we have surmounted them all. And now at the end we look peacefully back on the soft grey behind us, made beautiful and glowing with the rainbow of success.

Barbara McLean,  
Grade VII, York Hall.

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### HOAR FROST

HOAR FROST is Mother Nature's lace. She uses it to trim the trees in wintertime. It is white and crisp and looks like myriads of little white ruffled ballet skirts. When the sun shines on it, it glistens like tiny diamonds do. It seems to be holding its breath for fear some small puff of wind would knock it off its twig and cause it to lose its small part in life's great ballet. If, on a sunny day, one looks up through frosted trees into the bluest of skies, one can see a faint tipping of rose and gold on the edge of each hoary flake. Each separate flake looks like a pair of angel's wings, folded as though the angels were in prayer. Perhaps each is thanking the Maker for fashioning all such small things so perfectly.

Ellen Kinneard,  
Grade X, York Hall.

### THE PIPERS' CALL

From over the wooded highland hills  
 Into the sunlit glen,  
 The notes brought thrilled and quicken-  
     ing beats  
 To the hearts of the listening men.

So tall and straight in the swinging kilt,  
 He soothed her quick alarms;  
 Young and eager to answer the call,  
 The pipers' call to arms.

And with the thought of other battles  
 Well fought, but dearly won,  
 She watched him climb the mountain  
     path,  
 The last, and best-loved son.

In the purple haze of a heather field,  
 Against the evening sky,  
 The distant figure looked back once  
     more,  
 Then went to win or die.

A wooden cross on a lonely hill  
 In the bleak, grey down,  
 And a woman, with tearless, anguished  
     eyes,  
 And none to lean upon.

Marilyn Smith,  
 Grade X, Garry Hall.

### NIGHTMARES

I WIGGLED and squirmed in my bed  
 until everything stuck to me, and my  
 flannel nighty felt like a layer of seal-  
 skin around me. "Why wasn't I born a  
 Betty Grable or a Joan Bennet? I'd  
 simply love to have green eyes and  
 black hair instead of the most common  
 in America. Even if I did brush it a  
 hundred times each night it would still  
 look the same. Straight as a poker and  
 brown." I wriggled some more but only  
 felt worse. "I must ask mother again if  
 I can dye my hair black. I am sure it  
 would look so much better. Mothers are  
 so difficult these days."

I expect I must have worried myself  
 to sleep for the next thing I remember  
 was entering a large beautiful green  
 plastic building which made me feel  
 like "Alice in Wonderland." Over the

doorway was written "Through these  
 doors lies beauty for all."

At the door were two footmen dressed  
 from head to toe in lollipop-red suits.  
 They opened the door and I pranced in,  
 in my dirty gingham pinafore, feeling  
 like a queen.

The first room I entered was filled  
 with bottles of perfume with most  
 exquisite scents. Small bottles, large  
 bottles, green bottles, pink bottles, all  
 in different shapes. I picked one up in  
 the shape of a flower. It was called  
 "Happiness," and underneath it said,  
 Price—Contentment. "How silly," I  
 thought, "I guess I can pay for that."

At the end of the room was a door  
 labeled "Lip Charms," so I hurried on to  
 it. Tubes and tubes of bright lipsticks  
 in beautiful cases, red ones, orchid ones,  
 every kind. I pulled out a mirror from  
 my pinafore pocket and commenced to  
 delicately dab some "Stop Red" on.

I walked to the end of the room  
 where there was a door labeled "For  
 brown hair." "Hurry," I said to myself,  
 and boldly stepped in.

I found myself in a room filled with  
 dainty pink basins all filled with dyes  
 of different colors for drab brown hair.  
 I quickly chose a blue black.

My hair emerged for the most part  
 black and, even thought it was straight,  
 I imagined myself quite attractive.

The next room was for the nails and  
 face. I applied some dark red polish to  
 my nails and flourished some eye-  
 shadow on. I fancied the marshmellowy  
 creams a little old.

The door at the end of this room  
 led me into one for powder.

I delicately powdered my nose with a  
 grand feather puff but found all the  
 powder hard on the lungs, and moved  
 on to a door labeled "You." This was  
 going to be fun. Excitedly I opened the  
 door into a mirrored room.

Oh! my goodness, is that me, my hair,  
 my lips? Mercy, it couldn't be. There  
 was eye shadow all over me and I  
 looked as if I had two black eyes.  
 There was lipstick on my teeth and  
 nose. My hair was dripping with blue  
 black dye and my eyes looked browner

than ever. There I stood looking like an artificial girl. Then, all of a sudden things began to rock, the mirrors cracked and the floor fell through and I seemed to drop for miles and miles sending my heart spinning.

Then bang! It was all over. I was awake on the floor, clinging to my nice brown locks for dear life.

Mary MacKay,  
Grade IX, Garry Hall.

### TO SPRING

Oh! Spring, thou herald of the new  
born earth,  
Come once again and give our world  
new birth.  
And with thy silver flute triumphant  
call  
"All nations be at rest. Peace be to all."  
Let thy new seeds from hill and valley  
spring,  
Let bush and flower forget the nettles  
sting,  
Wipe from the earth the scars of wars  
scarce done,  
But that the years unveil a fiercer one  
Oh! Spring, stretch forth thy gentle  
hand,  
And calm the tumult of our restless  
land.

Peggy Auld,  
Grade XI, Garry Hall.

### NATURE

EVERYTHING was still. The lake was  
as smooth as a mirror, and the  
motionless emerald trees stood in relief  
against the bright blue arch overhead.  
The sun was still low in the east, but  
this beautiful morn was warm.

The stillness was overpowering, as  
you stood and tried to hear the sound  
that was not there. Not even the birds  
were carolling their morning sonatina.  
Apparently they, too, were impressed  
at the motionless day that was being  
born.

A harsh noise suddenly shattered the  
stillness. It was the sound of the motor  
of a swiftly flying boat, skimming light-  
ly over the mirror-like water. The boat  
was quite far away, but this seemingly  
winged vessel soon passed the beautiful

bit of shore I was standing on, disturb-  
ing the water into large ripples which  
soon died away, as they lapped gently  
against the golden sands.

In the boat were some unfortunate  
mortals going away from this beauty  
back to the noise and grime of the city.

Mary Mathers,  
Grade VIII, Douglas Hall.

### THE CITY OF BENARES

T'was crowded out with children,  
And such happiness was their's,  
For they were on a voyage  
On the City of Benares.

They were fleeing from the danger  
Of bombshelled London town,  
None of those kiddies ever guessed  
Their ship was going down.

How were they to know, poor things,  
That they would die that day,  
By a cruel and mighty German stroke  
Of hate and unfair play.

The ship was struggling through the  
storm

When the submarine was sighted,  
The warnings echoed from the bridge  
And the distress flares were lighted.

No panic swept along those decks  
So packed with little ones,  
They had their lifebelts safely on  
And stood and watched the Huns.

A mighty crash soon rent the air  
So survivors stated,  
Another English vessel caught  
And precious cargo fated.

How many lives were ruined  
When that torpedo was released?  
Hundreds of children's names appeared  
In the column marked "Deceased."

The crew all made a valiant try  
To get the lifeboats down,  
To help those little children  
In their efforts not to drown.

But no one came to help them,  
The sea was in a rage,  
And so this German slaughter  
Was the tragedy of our age.

Jill Riddell,  
Grade XI, Garry Hall.



### BETWEEN TWO SUNS

ALL nature seemed asleep. To the flaming ball of sun showing its blushing forehead above the horizon, the world was a pleasant sight. It was as if at dawn each day, a new era began. The grass and trees stirred, trying to rid themselves of a drowsy stupor that had held them captive for twelve short hours. The little stream meandering through the friendly forest regained its lost gaiety.

Twigs snapped a few yards away, and a small deer trotted into the mossy glade. He was wobbly on his long gangling legs, and his winter coat, shaggy now after long winter months, was being replaced by smooth fur. The slight animal's alert eyes searched among the shrubs for his friend, Snubby. But Snubby was nowhere to be seen. He was playing "footy" with the sandman under the shade of soft ferns.

He and Snubby were only a few months old, but were already loyal friends, although as different as black and white. They were the hare and tortoise of the woodland universe. Gabby being the fleetest, was the hare; and Snubby, habitually trailing behind, was the tortoise.

Gabby was thirsty, this fine spring morning and so he bent down to take a long, cool drink from the clear pool. Snubby chose this moment to wander aimlessly into the nook, with his eyes half-closed. He neared the bank of the shallow pond and ran head-long into Gabby. The latter fell into the water, while Snubby overcome with exhaustion, sank to the ground and proceeded to finish his game with the sandman.

This episode had the opposite affect on Gabby. It revived his spirits and the thought of food entered his head. As he stumbled over Snubby's unconscious form, he whistled a tune in his own deer way, and set off through the forest in search of breakfast. Snubby, recognizing this pre-dinner lullaby, followed Gabby with amazing

alacrity,—for Snubby loved his food.

Having replenished themselves they started down the mountain. The shrill shriek of the annoying jay roused their anger, and off they sped. The clear, bristling air cleared their lungs and filled their bodies with an exhilarating sensation. Never would they tire of this; now they were free to soar with the birds as swiftly as the wind.

They neared the end of the hill and came lolloping in for the finish. Gabby turned to see lovable Snubby wearily wend his way into the cool, sequestered valley. They would have to rest awhile before beginning the weary ascent back home, but they could bide their time by scraping the velvet off their new antlers. Gabby began vigorously rubbing his horns on the rough bark, but Snubby used his tree for a leaning post and promptly began to snore. Turning to waken him, Gabby's eyes caught the gleam of metal flashing in the surrounding woods. This was the enemy!

His first thought was for Snubby. He whistled wierdly and Snubby sensing the danger, fled from the hostile valley beside his fleet friend. Terror struck at their hearts. Their legs seemed filled with lead. Why wouldn't their feet go faster? They ran wildly, blindly! A bullet grazed the soft fur of Snubby's ear. Another found its way into Snubby's right flank. A third missile stopped his heart. He slumped to the ground with a retching gurgle. The pupils of his baby eyes sank out of sight.

The sound reached Gabby. He turned and his blood froze in his veins. Instinct warned him to leave, but all at once he felt lonely. He wanted to stay and talk to the silent form beside him. Something told him he had witnessed a similar scene once before in his life. Only this morning he had stumbled over Snubby's unconscious form. Only then there hadn't been the ominous silence there was now; nor the pool of blood behind his head.

Gabby couldn't cry. The tears just



wouldn't come. Cracking twigs warned him to flee. He wanted so badly to take Snubby with him; he tried dragging the body, but it was immobile. Sadly Gabby trotted into the shadow of the friendly forest. He was safe but it didn't matter, now that Snubby was gone. Exhausted and sick at heart the lonely deer sank to the ground and fell into a troubled stupor. Behind him the sun sank beneath the horizon. Next morning it would return to begin another era.

Lois Parkhill,  
Grade XI, Garry Hall.

### SPRING

The mountain streams go racing down  
From every mountain's melting crown,  
The skylark mounts the heavens to sing  
He is a herald of the spring.

The white clouds scud across the sky,  
Over the bay the seagulls cry,  
The oceans waves are leaping high  
All white with foam as they rush by.

The April sky, a sapphire blue  
Tinted with clouds of every hue  
The glorious sun sets in the west,  
The darkness spreads; proclaiming rest.

Barbara McLean,  
Grade VII, York Hall.

### THIS LAND I LEAVE BEHIND

CANADA — what a beautiful name. How well it describes the open prairies, the stately mountains, the glorious lakes and rivers that belong to Canada. When I first thought of Canada, I thought of wild Indians chasing buffaloes over the prairies, of small groups of people living, half-civilized, in an empty country, in daily terror of the attacks from wild animals. I wondered how it was ever given such a romantic name. Well, I have lived in Canada for three years now. I have come to the conclusion that it is a wonderful country, a country in which its people should have great pride.

What a country Canada must be for

those who like to be free. What a joy it gives you to wander along the rocky shores of Canada's beautiful lakes, to look out over the vast expanses of forest or prairie, to cry with the loon or to laugh with the sky, to spend your life as you please. I spent one glorious month in outdoor Canada. I slept under the stars, I canoed through lakes and rivers. I was carefree and ate, slept, and did as I pleased. The wild animals were my companions. My heart was free.

With a bump I came back to reality, to civilization. It was like walking into a stone wall. Civilization meant shoes and skirts, electric lights and running water. But no, it was not unpleasant. I came in contact with Canada's people. The friendship of the Canadians is world-famous. They open their homes, hearts and country to any in need of them and what an assorted band of refugees have landed on Canada's shore! The Canadian is the Englishman, the Scot, the Russian, the Irishman, the Frenchman, the American and the German, in fact every single nationality in the world is represented in Canada.

Canada's history is a romance. I often imagine the feelings of Champlain as he, for the first time, stood on the top of Mount Royal and peered for miles around him, until even the green of the forests and the blue of the lakes dwindled together into a sombre grey. I often think of Wolfe at Quebec, fighting to win Canada for England, fighting to win this mighty land, that ended, he knew not where. I often think also of Laura Secord and wonder if any of these had visions of Canada as it is today. I believe they did. I believe the thought of it inspired them onwards with a new courage.

Although I could never think it as wonderful, as beautiful, as divine as my England, there are many things I like about Canada. I like its vastness, its free air, its scenery, its hurriedness and yet its peacefulness, its loyalty to England and its people themselves. Yes, it is a wonderful country. How proud Canadians should be to know that they

can call themselves Canadians, how sorry I am to leave this Canada of yours.

Valery Rayner,  
Grade XI, Nelson Hall.

### AUTUMN BEAUTY

"Welcome to you, rich Autumn Days,  
Ere comes the cold leaf-picking wind,  
When golden stooks are seen in fields,  
All standing arm and arm entwined,  
And gallons of sweet cider seen,  
On trees in apples red and green."

—W. H. Davies.

AUTUMN is without doubt a "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness." The colour of the leaves has deepened and there has come a sense of beauty, singular and sad, like a smile left upon the face of a dead summer. The forest has become a painted forest, with an ever-thinning canopy and an ever-thickening carpet of crimson and gold; everywhere there is a low crackling underfoot and a slow rain of colour. The air is thick with the drowsy and bitter smell of smoke, rising slowly from the many heaped piles of leaves along the winding road. The children come running with rosy cheeks, flaxen curls and sparkling eyes, tripping and skipping among the fallen leaves; making them into veritable mansions.

Joining the children in the leaves are our animals, now beginning to disappear. The birds fly by like shadows on a silver plate. They are swiftly winging their way down to the sunny south. The squirrels are making their preparations for winter, as they run across open fields, carrying the rich, juicy, brown nuts in their tiny mouths. The rabbit is slowly changing his brown summer clothes for a white fur coat, in his preparation for the long, cold days ahead. God gave me in these little pictures an idea of the loveliness in which he has clothed Nature.

One of Nature's clothes is the atmosphere. Autumn air can be neither hot nor cold, but breathless and quiet, on one day, but the next day, the cold, leaf-picking wind swirls around the

corner of one's house, making you realize that winter days are not far distant. The tang of pickles cooking,, coming from the house kitchen window, seems to suggest that even Mother Brown is vying with Mother Nature in further scenting the autumn air.

Far above the autumn air are the clouds, sleeping on the blue mid-fields of heaven—floating clouds, all pure and white as new shorn flocks, who are fresh from the crystal brook. As the day wears on, one notices the sunset. The sunsets in autumn are strikingly beautiful. The sun gradually wheels his big, broad disc down into the west. The horizon becomes a fine golden tint, changing gradually into the rosy gleam of a precious jewel, from that into a violet haze, and finally changing into the deep azure of the mid-heaven. Fort Garry, in the distance, is pale, shimmering gold bathed in the last rays of the setting sun.

To the west one notices our wheat fields. After the sowing of the wheat in spring, the careful tending in summer, then comes the reward in autumn. The harvesting season is one of thankfulness and prayer. The vegetable gardens are turned over, displaying the rich, dark earth. Nearby stand piles of rich, ripe, juicy tomatoes, big, yellow pumpkins, that will soon be made into tasty pies, huge sacks of potatoes waiting to be stored in readiness for winter. Then, in the country, stands the golden wheat, waving slightly by the caress of the wind. In some fields stand threshing machines, ready to thresh this precious product. But, in a field of stooked wheat, stands the Harvester. He stands, strikingly majestic, against the sky. His face, tanned and rugged, shows the labor of the past few months. He wears a dirty, dusty pair of blue denim overalls, a blue faded shirt, open at the neck, and on his feet, a soiled pair of working boots. He is resting on his hoe, his bronzed hand raised to his forehead, looking over his harvest, and thanking God for all that he has done. The

harvester has done his work and has deserved his well-earned rest.

As the last load of grain is hauled to the granary, the dusky harvest moon rises in a deepening sky. As candles guide the weary to rest, stars light up the heavens and the autumn night covers the earth. Gentle night, like a welcome blanket, wraps up a tired earth, weary from a summer's toil. In the stillness of the night, we seem to hear the joyful peal of churchbells, calling the worshippers to service. In our mind's eye, we see the white-surpliced choir come through the arches of golden grain, singing:

"Come ye thankful people, come,  
Raise the song of harvest home,  
All is safely gathered in,  
Ere the winter storms begin."

Donald Murdoch,  
Grade XI, York Hall.

### THE STORM

THE cool evening breeze swept inland, gently ruffling the moonlit surface of the undulating waters. The tiny wavelets swirled and eddied on the silent beach, like malevolent fingers striving vainly to grasp some inaccessible object. And on the shore, a group of trees clung tenaciously to mother earth whilst their glinting leaves whispered untold secrets in hushed tones. Here peace and quietness reigned supreme.

Now, even the lapping of the waves had stopped. A strange calm had settled over land and sea, a profound silence that carried with it a strange sense of disaster.

One by one the candles in heaven were extinguished as if by some unseen hand. A cloud floated over the moon's face and it too was gone, leaving only an expectant darkness. Somewhere in that unpenetrable night a storm was born.

The sea, once calm, was now a boiling, bubbling cauldron. Its waves towered uncannily and dashed themselves mercilessly on the immovable sands. The sky was split thunderously with a jagged flash of flame. Rain

slashed down unendingly. The wind screamed in sympathy and lifted the waves bodily out of the sea to thrash them remorselessly against the unyielding trees. The strength of the storm seemed ever-increasing. The noise was deafening. All the forces of evil seemed bent on the destruction of the land.

Was it for days or only hours that this living demand rent its fury on earth? Slowly, reluctantly the storm abated. The sea once more grew calm and still. The wind dropped and with one last feeble gust, died, and was heard no more. The rain relented and seemed to dry up from its source. The storm at last was over, leaving only the memory and a group of bedraggled trees on a wide lonely beach. A calm settled once more, broken only by the spasmodic, futile efforts of the dead storm to revive itself to the full glory of its intensity.

The tiny wavelets once more beat their mournful tattoo on rain-drenched sands. On the shore a group of trees huddled closely together, as if for shelter. Their leaves shivered in a cool breeze, relinquishing drops of rain which fell noisily, continuously, to the ground beneath. The sky was an endless mass of grey clouds which hurried in on their way into space. Here peace and quietness once more reigned.

Far away to the East the sky became tinged with gold streaks of light spread over the sky. Grey clouds rolled back and disappeared over the Western horizon. The world became lighter and lighter. The dark waters turned a delicate blue and splashed gaily on a dry exposed beach. The trees rustled contentedly as they prepared themselves for another day of glorious tropical weather. Presently the dawn came, as the sun rose slowly out of its golden cushion and filled the waking world with sunshine and happiness. As the sun rose majestically, the memory of the terrifying storm was lulled, dozed, and finally slept.

Gladys Robison,  
Grade XI, York Hall.



# Graduation

. . . June 16, 1943

THE thirteenth graduation of Riverbend School took place on June 16th, 1943. Although we were the thirteenth class to graduate, superstition took a back seat and the day proved most enchanting.

For several weeks we had been atwitter over the forthcoming graduation. The main reason perhaps being that it would be necessary for us to wear short white frocks this year (due to war-time restrictions) instead of our usual long ones. Many bitter tears were shed over this loss for it seems that graduation is not graduation without long dresses. However, we were consoled with the fact that we would be the first class to appear in short dresses—and would therefore be setting an original vogue—which helped greatly to restore our lost pride.

Therefore on a beautiful summer day, the class of 1943 trooped patriotically out in gay war-time models of the graduation dress. We all felt very proud!

The service, as usual, took place in Westminster Church, where Doctor Crossley Hunter addressed the twenty members of the graduating class—moving and impressing them to great depths.

After the service the guests were invited to a garden party held in the school grounds. There was great excitement and we, the graduating class, were very much in the limelight, as the honored guests, what with a soft musical background, cameras flashing and proud parents beaming.

The climax of the day came in the evening when Elizabeth Irish, Betty McGuinness, Kitty Rainey and Ann Parkhill were hostesses at a dinner party preceding the dance. Each girl received little favors as souvenirs of the all-important occasion.

Later in the evening Miss Carter very kindly chaperoned a small informal dance at the school at which the happy couples swirled and whirled to the chippy notes of the “conventional juke-box.” Much later we went home tired but very happy, the important day being over.

And now because we are no longer a part of the actual student body, we feel a little sad and look back with longing on all our happy memories at the dear old school but—then we look forward to “old-girls’ day” and realize that we will never actually lose contact with our school days.

A.P.



## Prefects' Messages

Dear Girls:

IT is impossible to mention everything that has grown dear to us at school in these few lines. The plays, sports and varied activities stand out strongly in our minds, but it is the little inconspicuous things such as school spirit and your unconscious co-operation that we have grown to know and love. Your big friendly smiles have made our job more enjoyable, made us feel we have your support. This is a blessing, as you will only realize when it is your turn to lead and guide your school.

It is never easy for rowdy girls to suddenly change and attempt to keep law and order. On the verge of graduation we are able to look back and see the change in ourselves. It is an improvement, for we are stepping out into a large sphere. You will appreciate this change when you enter your senior

year. You will have broader outlook and a steadier mind to meet the knocks life is sure to give you.

To the six who take our places on the bench we wish the best of luck. With you it is going to be your task to reinstate peace and happiness in this land for future generations.

To the girls we sadly leave behind and to those who have not yet entered the school, we write, hoping that some day you will feel the way we do about the school with the grey and red uniform. The year of your graduation you will realize what the school has given you. Meanwhile, appreciate the present, for soon enough you will inherit all that we have inherited, and more.

We say good-bye, carrying with us many treasured memories that will never die.

With best wishes for the future.

THE PREFECTS, 1943-44.

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## Teachers' Autographs

*Grace E. Martin.* ★  
★  
★



*Riverbend .*





**1943-1944**

Autographs Ruth Douglas.

★  
★  
★

Jane Bull

Virginia M. Miller

Pessy and

Kirnie Kauding

Eleanor Benfield

Marguerite  
Kirkless

Mary P. Bell

Joan Barruther  
May 12<sup>th</sup>  
1944

Svenyth Alsip

### THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

"IT was such a beautiful day," sighed Sheila as she started to gather the food from her picnic, "and now it is starting to rain and the wind is rising again. Two weeks of nothing but rain and howling wind and then the first decent day the same thing starts all over again. It is pretty awful, isn't it, Soda?" she asked.

But her small cocker just grunted as he was interested only in his bone.

"Come on, old boy," she shouted, "we'd better get started."

"Darn it all," she muttered to herself, "if I thought it was going to rain, I would have brought the car. It seems so dismal walking through the woods now."

As they trudged along an old shack suddenly came into view, and Soda started barking excitedly.

"Stop it," she commanded, but she too was excited and taken in by this crumbling place with the small light burning in the window.

She sensed something sinister in the air, and quickened her pace, all the while trying to quieten Soda.

Suddenly she heard a loud bang and Soda started yelping. She ran to him and found his foot caught in a trap. Sheila tried her best to free him, but could not budge the heavy trap. She knew she would have to get help from the shack because Soda's paw was bleeding badly and his cries were getting fainter and fainter.

She shuddered as she hurried nervously towards the place and up the small walk. Every step she took made her heart quicken a pace, until by the time she reached the door, she was conscious only of the rhythmic thumps of her heart and the barely audible cries of her dog. She automatically touched the door bell and a servant immediately appeared.

"My dog," she whispered weakly, "has caught his paw in this trap. Would you please help me unfasten . . ."

"You fool," cut in the servant, "you know dogs are not allowed here Miss Sheila, and you might have guessed

that there were traps. But since he is only a small cocker I'll take him. Go and see Mr. Johnston, he's in the first room at the end of the hall."

She looked at him startled and drew Soda closer to her. Many things she had not noticed before, she noticed now. Why was there a door bell on the shack and a servant inside? Why this luxuriously furnished room? Who was the man who expected her, and how did he know her name?

"Mr. Johnston is waiting," he said sharply.

"But Soda . . . I want . . ."

"Give me the dog," snapped the man snatching Soda from her, "and get going," he commanded.

"Y-yes," she faltered.

She walked slowly down the hallway and opened the large door at the end of it. There she saw a short stout man sitting behind a big oak desk, apparently reading his mail.

"Well, Sheila, how about it?" he asked. "I think it's about time you—" here he broke off abruptly. He was now looking up at her, his black eyes merely slits. "Who in the devil are you?" he asked hoarsely.

"Your butler told me to come here," she replied in a frightened voice, "so here," she laughed weakly, "well here I am."

"Oh, I see," he said and she noted a sigh of relief in his voice. "But what did you come here for in the beginning?"

"You see, my dog got his paw caught in a trap, just outside here, which I couldn't unfasten, so I brought him in."

"You mean there is a dog here?" he shouted. "Jones, come here," he called to the servant.

As soon as the butler appeared Mr. Johnston said, "Why did you let a dog in here? Kill him at once."

"But he's just a small cocker, and he doesn't know much, so it's all right, sir," said the butler.

Mr. Johnston was just ready to reply when the large door opened, revealing an old woman hobbling in.

She said in a sepulchral voice, "I'm



out at last. You thought I would never get out didn't you?" she said pointing to Mr. Johnston. "But I did—I did."

"You're crazy," yelled the man, "get back to your room, get back!"

"You can't keep your wife locked in a room all the time, John. I told you I would get out. You can't kill me now because I'm free—free I tell you."

With this last speech she hobbled to the door and down the hallway, her mad laugh echoing hollowly in the old shack. The man sat paralyzed.

"Cut," yelled the Director. "You did that scene very well, Joan. Be here at eight sharp tomorrow and we'll start on the next one."

"All right, Bill," she answered and walked towards her dressing room.

Jane Bull,

Grade X, Nelson House.

### EASTER EXAMS

It was the week before Easter,  
When all through the school  
Not a student was stirring,  
Not even a fool.  
They sat with their heads  
Buried deep in their books,  
And gone were those long easy,  
intimate, looks.  
The fateful week passed,  
And with it the tests;  
The girls remained gloomy,  
And gone were those jests,  
'Till the final day came—  
And then the glad call:  
"Happy Easter, students,  
Happy holiday all."

Shirley Popham,

Grade X, Garry Hall.

### TO GOD'S FORGOTTEN COUNTRY

UPON leaving the dock at Vancouver, one sees the thin grey fog slowly lift and give away its place to the slow rolling curtain of night. Lights of the city twinkle in the distance like merry stars in a twilight dance. The dull honk of the shiny little ferrys is heard in the dark—and the "Chilason" slips quietly into the channel.

As the channel widens to give way to the sea, two bright searchlights surround the ship. A sentinel flashes a signal, and upon being answered, the vessel is allowed to sail on.

Night falls rapidly now, and the weary passengers go below to look around the ship. A small lounge is noticed just off the lower deck. It is nicely, but practically furnished. Already quite a few "lumberjacks" have fallen asleep there, their heads and feet sprawled over their neighbors'. Just beside the lounge, the tiny cabins are placed, on either side. Soon silence reigns, only to be broken by a low grunt or a comfortable snore.

Morning dawns, and from the port-hole many wooded islands can be seen, very near; and in the distance huge mountains tower over the earth, their summits reaching far into the heavens. Clear blue-green water falls away from the vessel's sides, leaving a long line of frothy foam behind, to be lost from sight in the cool lapping waves of the straits.

After a hearty, happy breakfast, some of the passengers join an earnest game of bridge or rummy. A few loaf on the decks, cool breezes sweeping aside all worry and thoughts, leaving peace and comfort. Here and there the dull blue-grey of airmen's jackets can be seen mingling with soldiers' or fishermen's. Everyone is happy and content as the "Chilason" steams into the first stop of the day.

This is a tiny village, consisting of one store, and two or three houses practically lost in the wooded growth. It seems very lonely away out here, and so it is, for on the coast of British Columbia are very few towns. The dock is full of children, dogs and baggage. Everybody shouts laughingly to one another while thankful passengers mount the windy path to the tiny store, in order to stretch their legs. Soon a whistle blows, the boat moves off around the corner, and the town is lost from sight.

The whole day is broken by similar

stops and slowly night returns. The waves are bigger now, and the foam behind the ship churns rivulets and streams far behind. Moonbeams are reflected on the water sending a golden lane along the way. Islands seem to be breaking away quickly leaving the open sea. As the water crashes against the side of the ship passengers bustle in the cabins, collecting baggage and sleepy children.

The last stop of the journey is Port Hardy which is quite large. The dock is swarming with people, mostly airmen and soldiers from their nearby stations. The gangplank is lowered and every one rushes up or down it into joyous outstretched arms.

The town itself is not very big. Two stores, a cafe, and three or four houses can be seen, still lighted, even at this late hour. A few trucks or "bathtubs" can be seen in the background waiting to ship freight and people to nearby military stations.

The load is terrible. For every obvious reason it has been named the "Burma Road." Seemingly paper-thin, narrow bridges have been built over deep chasms, and on top of muskeg, wooden planks have been placed. The vehicles joggle around for hours (or at least it felt that way), until a tiny breathtaking village is seen in the dismal darkness. It is as though a new world has been created. At night it is queer enough, but next morning, in the everlasting drizzle of the place, it resembles exactly, a squatter's town in the movies. Tar paper shacks; cabins made from packing boxes! tiny, one-room, unpainted houses hewn from rough lumber; broken trees with their roots upturned to the sky; the muddy, windy road; and the week's washing on the line meet the eye. Then, too, there is the neverending dirt to contend with.

From early morning, to late evening the hoarse croaking of towns is heard mingling in an unearthly din of barking dogs, squalling cats, and huge American bombers which fly overhead

every day—all day. This is Jokerville, the "metropolis" of North Vancouver Island.

Adjoining this unusual town are the ruins of the once famous Fort Owadi. All that remain now, are a few totem poles, huge carved frames of buildings, and a centuries-old cemetery. Mrs. Wilson, daughter of the late Hudson's Bay factor and an Indian princess, tells very interesting tales about the tribe and its community. Also "old Charlie Owadi, the chief of the remnants of the tribe, a spry old fellow of well over eighty, will tell long, gory tales of days gone by. He has travelled all over Asia as a fisherman, and mingles the spiciness of the East with his heartfelt Canadian stories.

And now, as the dawn slowly rises, the "Chilason" slips away from port, as she makes her homeward journey. She sails on to a land of sunshine, leaving the wooded, damp horror of Port Hardy to those who remain behind.

Robin Little,  
Grade XI, York Hall.

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### MY MUSIC LESSON

On Sunday afternoon I go  
With steps both faltering and slow  
To hear my music teacher shriek,  
"Haven't you practised Bach this week?"

And I reply in murmurs low  
The simple truth, I answer "No."  
And he replies in accents wild,  
"You certainly are a problem child!"

And then I think how nice t'would be  
If he, instead of teaching me  
Would take my place for once, and find  
The kind of thing that's on my mind.

But after all is said and done  
He makes hard lessons seem like fun,  
And I enjoy my music so  
That I don't mind how much I go.

Marilyn Smith,  
Grade X, Garry Hall.

### THE HISTORY OF RIVERBEND

HAVE you ever wondered what the early days of Riverbend were like? I have wondered many things about the school, for instance, when the buildings were built, how the school began and how the first few years shaped the traditions upon which the school now stands.

I want to thank Colonel G. H. Aikins, K.C., and Mrs. Stanley B. Laing for giving me the information which has helped me to shape the story of Riverbend's beginning into this "History of Riverbend."

The White House, which has 20 rooms, was built in 1902 for the late Sir James Aikins, K.C., LL.D., former lieutenant-governor of Manitoba. This building was called Riverbend. The school was named after this first building. The driveway opened onto Langside Street where the small steel gate in front of the Red House is now. The garage was also built in 1902. It was used then for horses and carriages. The outdoor badminton court (in front of the garage) was part of the driveway. In 1911 the Red House, which has 14 rooms, was built for Sir James Aikins' son, Col. G. H. Aikins, K.C.

The founding of a girls school was a subject dear to the heart of the late Sir James Aikins. He hoped so much to have such a school founded, that he willed the sum of \$100,000 to the United Church of Canada, thereby providing the foundation for the long-hoped-for church school. It was not until Col. Aikins presented his own home (the Red House) to the cause, that the plans proceeded rapidly. The grounds were remodelled from the old plan to the present one.

The prominent Board of Trustees, under the able chairmanship of Col. Aikins, laid the foundation of principles on which the school would stand. The secretary of the Board, Mrs. R. F. McWilliams, searched far and wide for a strong teaching staff. Every teacher was to teach the subject in which she was specialized. Miss Joan M. V. Foster was appointed principal in 1929.

The whole uniform was navy blue except the tie, which was black and white, and the blouse which was light blue. This first uniform had no shorts. It must have been difficult to do the high jump in a tunic.

The first year was a new experience for all those connected with the school and especially for the teachers and the pupils. The teachers made the rules as they went along. School started at 9 a.m., with prayers. The door was opened between the present grades 5 and 6 rooms and the teachers' room.

The whole school (140 girls), led by Miss Foster, filed into the small space of the two rooms. The girls faced Miss Foster at the fireplace for the ceremony.

Mrs. Laing (the first French teacher) tells of the first April Fools' Day morning. Her grade nines, who were in the present grades 5 and 6 room, had each brought and hidden an alarm clock and had set them so that the clocks would ring every few minutes. Mrs. Laing knew of their plan and was terrified that the clocks would begin to ring during prayers, for she knew that it would not please the Head Mistress. However, the clocks waited until the Scripture Master from United College had solemnly placed his watch on his desk. Then they began to ring so loudly that the bewildered master was obliged to let the girls have their fun for that class.

From 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. classes were conducted. The girls ate lunch from 1 p.m. to 2 p.m. From 2 to 3.30 p.m. the whole school enjoyed activities of all kinds. Archery, tennis, swimming, badminton, golf, riding and field sports were some of the fair weather sports, while skiing, skating and tobogganing were enjoyed by the girls in the winter. Glee Club was also taken regularly at this time.

At 3.30 until 5 p.m. the girls had music lessons, practising and supervised study. The study was designed to eliminate the need for any homework, except in the case of the upper grades. As the number of girls in each



class was quite small, each pupil had more individual help throughout each lesson. The school day for grade one lasted from 9 to 12.30, for grades two and three, from 9 to 3.30, and for grades four, five, and six, until the teacher was satisfied with their days work. The whole senior school stayed until 5 p.m. The boarders rose at 7 a.m., and had lights out at 9.30 p.m., for the lower grades and 10 p.m. for grades ten and eleven.

Perhaps it would interest you to know in which rooms each class was situated. The junior school was situated in the White House, the senior school was in the Red House. The kindergarten has always been the same room. Grades one and two had the bedroom across from Miss Carter's office, which was Miss Foster's office then. Grades three and four were in the boarders' sitting-room. Grades five and six were in the present grades one and two room.

In the Red House grade seven had the old grade twelve room (behind the present music room). Grade eight was in the teachers' sitting room, while grade nine was in the present grade five and six room. Grade ten had been the music room and grade eleven had a bedroom on the second floor. The feeling of a need for more room spread through the school. Can you imagine eating lunch with about one hundred other girls in the drawing room and library. There was no large hall in which the parents could enjoy a school play or a gym display. In fact, the girls had to walk to Westminster Church for their gym classes.

The first graduation was THE day of the year. Everyone looked forward to it with expectation and hope. The graduating class was thrilled to be the first graduates. Of course, everyone expected a sunny, never-to-be-forgotten day. Parents and friends were invited to the garden party on the spacious green lawns in front of the White House. However as fate would have it the girls awoke on that long awaited

morning to see a drizzling rain which looked as if it was there to stay. Plans were hurriedly made. The whole party—the graduates in long white dresses, girls in uniforms, guests and teachers in long afternoon dresses—were taken to the Royal Alexandra Hotel in taxis. The girls received their prizes and the afternoon soon came to a happy end.

The construction of the new building began immediately after school was out in June. The builders did a rush job so that it would be ready for the new school year in September. The night before school was to open, Miss Foster was taken ill. Col. Aikins was at the school hurrying the job along. Mrs. Laing was asked to go to help supervise the last minute preparations. Everyone worked with a will. Doors were put on, door-knobs were fixed in, desks were arranged and the many last minute jobs were finally finished. The new building was ready for school the next day. Can you imagine the thrill the girls would get when they entered the building for the first time and were the first ones to sit on the new benches?

Here are a few more interesting things about Riverbend's beginning. Mrs. Munroe and Alec have been there since the first year. The archery targets which are so full of holes now were used by the first Riverbenders. Our Vox Fluminis was started in the first year, too.

In 1935, when Miss Carter came to Riverbend to be the second principal, a few more changes were introduced into the school. The house system was organized. Garry, York and Douglas were the first three houses. A few years later Nelson joined the group. In 1937 the new red and grey uniform was designed. It was neater than the old one and was more distinctive than the other schools.

Thus, we see that Riverbend has grown from a unorganized bewildered school to a school with an ever-growing tradition. The present Riverbenders will remember what has gone before and will look forward to the time when

their own children will be a part of  
the future Riverbend.

Marion Hambley,  
Grade XI, Garry Hall.

N.B.—One of the members of our  
kindergarten this year is Douglas  
Murray Turner, who is the son of Mrs.  
Turner, the former Roberta Lee. Miss  
Lee was one of the first graduates of  
Riverbend.

### BEYOND THE WATERFALL

Come you weary sailors hither,  
Rest among the reeds a-quiver.  
Rest in peace but bear the wrath,  
And see the white specked foaming  
froth,  
Of the river's waterfall;  
Just beyond the echo's call  
Of the rapid.

Hasten sailors, hurry thither,  
Dip your oars into the river.  
Now your rest has eased your limbs  
Row your boat across the springs.  
Watch the wavelets as they fall,  
Listen to the oceans call  
Out at sea.

Peggy Auld,  
Grade XI, Garry Hall.

### "THE STUPID STUDENT"

How in the world can I reach the top?  
I study and study, but what have I got?  
A head that is full of a lot of rot,  
That makes me feel stupid and more  
like a flop.

That won't get me through.

My teachers are patient and good as  
can be,  
In spite of all this it is no good to me.  
I am floundering around in a big murky  
sea,  
And still have a brain like a scatter-  
brain flea.

That won't get me through.

I am dinning and dunning and batting  
away,

And night after night at my homework  
I stay,  
I plunge with despair to the terrible  
fray,  
And hope that I soon shall see light of  
day.

That will get me through.

Marjory-Lynn McIntyre,  
Garry House, Grade IX.

### BOARDERS' NOTES

Our English war-guests, Peggy and  
'Tink,'

Will leave our fair country, very short-  
ly, they think.

In the Blue and White room we have  
Cath and Marie,

Refusing to hear the alarm clock's loud  
plea.

Shirley and Joan in the Rose and White,  
Discussing long hair-does from morning  
'til night.

Shirley, Elspeth, Evelyn and Vie,  
Reside in the 'Porridge Pot,' this year  
we see.

Marion, Ellen, Poppy, Eileen  
Rising at dawn always so keen.

Josey, Helen, Diana and Ann  
Care for themselves, as well as they can.

Barbara, Joan, June and Ann,  
Hopefully await the end of exams.

In the Rose and Grey we have Shelagh  
alone,

An English girl, far away from home.  
All together we've had such fun

And are sorry to leave when the term  
is done.

"This is the best school in the world.  
I wish I could stay here always, but  
I'll not be here next year. You see, I  
got to go in the navy. I'll be in the  
navy about four years anyway. I got  
to get tough; we got to lick the Ger-  
mans pretty soon."

Thomas Irwin,  
Grade I, Douglas Hall.

Mrs. Munro: "My you girls are eat-  
ing a lot now."

Girls: "We're cramming for exams.

# JUNIOR LITERARY

## AT THE LAKE

IN Northern Ontario there is a little lake called Ahmic Lake. Just half way round it there is a red house. In the summertime Sally, David, Mother, Father and I go up there and live in the red house. We have two motor boats, four canoes, and three row boats. The names of the two motor boats are the Pearl and the Ruby. Three of the canoes have no names but one of them is called Tiptoes, because it goes so quickly. The names of the row boats are Tubby, Tippy, and Toby. Across the lake is Mrs. Daly's farm where we get our fresh vegetables. At the last end of the lake there is a small village called Magnelawan.

One morning there was a great bustle in the red house with the silver roof, for the Chesters were going on a picnic to Kenefleys, even if it was pouring with rain outside. Kenefleys is a place in the river where there are big rapids. We arrived there in slight difficulty because Daddy ran the Ruby right into a whole patch of weeds. When we arrived there, Donald and Dickie carried the canoes which they had brought along, so that they might paddle down the river, and see the great rapids, because we couldn't get over the first rapids.

When we got to the river there were some beautiful white water lilies. I picked some but they all withered. When we got near the rapids we could hear the roaring noise that they make. Mummy put me in charge of the bags with the bathing suits. We landed on one rock and then we saw a much nicer one, so we went over there and I left the bathing suits on the first rock. This we did not discover until later. Then David and I put on our bathing suits and sat in some small rapids and stood on stones and had lots of fun. When we got back to the first rapids we found that we had left the bathing suits at the

second rapids. The boys had to paddle back for them while Mummy and I stayed at Kenefleys to wait for them. It was very calm and we had a lovely ride home.

Susanne Chester,  
Grade III, Garry Hall.

## THE READING LESSON

My dog delights to bark and bite,  
That does not worry me,  
But oh, I wish that I could run  
And jump as well as he!

And so I made a wonderful plan,  
And Pal, my dog, agreed,  
To teach me how to run and jump,  
If I'd teach him to read.

Clementine McNern,  
Grade V, York Hall.

## WORMS

I AM a little worm. My name is Willy. I live with my aunt. I have three brothers and one sister. My father and mother were eaten by a big, black bird. The reason that I am so short is that I too, was bitten by a bird. I spent weeks in the "Worm Hospital," and everyone thought that I would die, but I finally recovered. Now I am very cautious of birds. They are my worst enemies.

Three days ago I met a tough worm, he called girls "dames" and boys "guys" and said that I was a silly worm. I got cross and poked him one.

Now, I am in the "Worm Hospital" again. People bring me many good things to eat, but with my mouth bandaged up I can't eat. They eat them for me. Soon I won't have any good things left.

Elizabeth Ann Beaton,  
Grade VI, Douglas Hall.



**SUMMER SKIES**

Tonight the beautiful sky is blue,  
 The moon is shining bright,  
 The little stars are shining too,  
 Each with its frosty light.

There are hundreds of beautiful stars  
 in the sky  
 Around the moon so white;  
 But in the morning, I don't know why  
 They'll all fade out of sight.

We'll have to wait till tomorrow night  
 To see the stars again,  
 We hope they will be just as bright,  
 No clouds! no fog! no rain!

Cary Joy Hughes,  
 Grade VI, Garry Hall.

---

**AFTER I WENT TO BED**

**A**FTER I went to bed I fell fast asleep.  
 At midnight (at least I thought it  
 was midnight) I woke up with a start  
 and found myself in my warm little bed  
 with Tips, my kitten, sleeping at the  
 foot. I had dreamt that Tips had grown  
 into a huge lady with a dark com-  
 plexion and black hair. She wore a  
 long black dress and ear-rings down  
 to the floor. She had a very ugly face.

She made me go with her to a place  
 which I knew was the park. The park  
 was flaming red. She led me into the  
 park and we disappeared into the  
 flames. Tips who was now called the  
 witch, led me on and on, and we soon  
 reached an opening in the earth. Down  
 what seemed to be a steps we went  
 and soon came to a dimly lighted room  
 where other witches were. They were  
 all dressed the same. I could not see  
 much of the room.

Then they led me to see their king  
 who looked like an enormous electric  
 light bulb with a face, two legs, and  
 arms. The legs were where the arms  
 should be, and the arms were where  
 the legs should be. This room was very  
 light of course, for the king was lit up  
 with rage. I saw in one corner what  
 looked like my doll with her stuffing  
 all over the floor. The rest of the room  
 was bare except for the king's throne,

which was my rocking chair. The king  
 and the witches huddled in a corner so  
 I could not make out what they were  
 saying.

Then one of the witches took me  
 roughly by the hand and led me to  
 the edge of a flaming pit which was  
 back of the king's throne. Just as I was  
 going to be thrown into the pit I woke  
 up.

Diane Johnson,  
 Grade V, York Hall.

---

**A CROCODILE**

I wish I were a crocodile  
 A-basking in the sun,  
 For all the little darkie boys  
 Would run, run, run.  
 I'd swallow all the fishes  
 For miles and miles around,  
 I'd rather be a crocodile  
 Than all the gold that's found.

Diane Johnson,  
 Grade V, York Hall.

---

**SPRINGTIME**

When springtime comes the birdies sing  
 Upon the evergreen trees,  
 They sing a lovely song of spring  
 And stop whenever they please.

Dulcie Ann Thomson,  
 Grade III, York Hall.

---

**SPRING**

Spring has come again,  
 The birds are coming home,  
 And up and down the dusty lane  
 The bugs and beetles roam.

The sun beats down on the shining pool  
 And the fish are leaping about,  
 The water in the pool looks cool,  
 And the flowers begin to come out.

Donna Plant,  
 Grade VI, Douglas Hall.

# LANGUAGES

## LE PETIT CHAT

**P**AR un beau soleil, Pierre et Marc Richard faisaient une promenade dans la forêt. Parce que c'était au printemps, il y avait des arbres avec des feuilles vertes, des fleurs de toutes sortes et de toutes couleurs, et l'herbre était si verte, qu'elle ressemblait à des émeraudes. Les oiseaux chantaient leurs chansons différentes, et ils volaient d'arbre en arbre, et étaient très contents. Les deux enfants donnaient du pain aux oiseaux et ils cueillaient des fleurs quand ils virent un petit ruisseau. Ils étaient très enchantés et ils y coururent tout de suite. Bientôt ils s'assirent. Alors Marc, plus âgé, vit un petit chat rayé. Il était blanc et noir, et il était si joli!

"Regardez-le," dit-il. "Prenons-le chez nous, et nous le garderons."

"Oh, oui," dit Pierre, "mais il nous faut le laver, parce qu'il sent le poisson mort."

Les deux enfants l'emportèrent donc chez eux et ils le lavèrent. Quand leur mère entra dans la maison, et quand elle vit "le petit chat" elle cria avec frénésie, "Mes enfants - - - un putois d'Amérique! !"

Mais les enfants ne savaient pas qu'elle leur parlait, parce qu'ils chantaient, très contents, et donc ils continuèrent à laver "le petit chat."

Jane Bull,

Grade X, Nelson Hall.

## UNE PERSONNE QUE JE CONNAIS

**J**E vais voir si vous connaissez la personne qu je vais décrire.

Elle allait à l'école de Riverbend. Elle était dans le lycée et elle a quinze ans. Elle était trop jeune pour voyager seule, c'est pourquoi elle est venue avec un professeur.

Elle était une si belle fille. Je dis

était parce qu'elle est repartie chez elle, il y a six semaines, en Angleterre.

Je commencerai à la décrire. Ce ne sera pas facile. Elle était très modeste en venant au Canada, mais elle ne tarda pas à entrer en conversation. L'une de nous lui a demandé si elle venait d'arriver d'Angleterre. "Oui," elle a dit d'une voix qui ressemblait à l'eau fraîche, courant et tintant et ses cheveux ressemblaient à l'argent. Ils étaient si brillants. Sa figure était différente . . . Je n'ai jamais vu une figure comme ça. Elle était si belle, si gentille, si adorable. Ses yeux étaient bleus, si bleus, et ils étaient toujours étincelants. Tout le monde l'aimait et elle aimait tout le monde.

Quelquefois elle était heureuse mais il y avait toujours une indication de malaise dans ses beaux yeux.

Chez elle, elle avait deux frères, une mère et un père.

Elle nageait, elle jouait au tennis, elle jouait au basketball aussi. . .

Ses vêtements étaient très bien. Elle portait des jupes et des corsages bruns, jaunes, bleus, verts, et rouges.

Je l'aimait très bien et à present qu'elle est partie, elle me manque beaucoup. Quand elle est partie nous nous connaissions très bien.

L'école est différente sans elle.

J'ai reçue une lettre d'elle. Elle était à New York et elle s'amusaient bien. Il y a deux semaines nous avons reçu un télégramme d'Angleterre nous disant qu'elle est arrivée en Angleterre et elle est très heureuse.

Elle commencera l'école en Angleterre dans deux mois.

Si vous vous demandez encore qui elle est . . . je vous dirai. Elle était une bonne élève en Français. Elle n'aimait pas l'histoire.

Elle s'appelle \_\_\_\_\_.

Donalda Murdoch,

Grade XI, York Hall

## COMPOSITION

JE vais vous raconter quelque chose d'une jeune fille que je connais en Angleterre. Elle est blonde et elle a presque cinq pieds huit. Elle allait à l'école avec moi en Angleterre et nous étions toujours les meilleures amies. Elle s'appelle Anne. Ses cheveux sont très longs et elle ne les a pas coupés depuis qu'elle est née. Anne a un naturel plaisant et elle ne se met en colère que si elle est sûre d'avoir raison. Elle aime à lire et à écouter la musique. Elle n'aime pas à faire des sports parce qu'elle n'est pas forte. Anne est très brillante en classe et souvent est la première de sa classe. Elle écrit des histoires et des poèmes et les envoie aux journeaux. Elle m'écrit toutes les semaines et me dit tous ce qu'elle fait. Maintenant elle aide dans une cantine pour son travail de guerre.

P. Auld.

## COURAGE

MARIE était très heureuse ce jour-là car le temps approchait. C'était un grand jour et le train devait arriver à deux heures et demie.

Elle alla en ville le matin pour se faire coiffer de la façon que George aimait.

Après ceci elle rentra chez elle pour être prête pour la grande occasion qui aurait lieu cet après-midi. Il fut enfin midi et demi et le train arrivait à deux heures et demie. Deux heures! Marie fut très excitée.

Alors elle mit la robe rouge que George aimait beaucoup. Elle était sa favorite avant qu'il aille outre-mer. Alors il fallait la porter aujourd'hui.

Deux heures et demie arrivèrent et Marie fut à la gare. Alors le train arriva! Marie était très heureuse et excitée comme il arrivait en gare. La voici portant la toilette favorite de George, prête à monter dans le train pour aller recevoir la médaille qu'il ne porterait jamais.

Joan Newton,

Grade X, Douglas Hall.

## NOEL

C'EST la veille de Noël, le vingt-quatre décembre. Les enfants demeurent à la campagne. La mère et le père sont à la maison. Ils préparent l'arbre de Noël. Les enfants préparent l'arbre de Noël aussi. Il y a des chandelles sur l'arbre, elles sont rouges, blanches, et vertes. Sur l'arbre de Noël il y a une étoile. Ils mettent des présents à l'arbre de Noël. Les enfants sont contents et heureux. Les enfants dansent dans la salle devant l'arbre. "Regardez Henri," dit Marie. Henri met le chien dans une boîte devant l'arbre. Le chien, Pierre, aime l'arbre et Marie et Henri. Marie et Henri sont mis au lit. La mère et le père s'asseyent devant la cheminée. Le chien dort dans la boîte. La mère et le père vont se coucher.

Le matin les enfants disent bonjour à leur mère et à leur père, et leur chantent un joyeux Noël. Henri et Marie ouvrent les présents, la mère et le père ouvrent les présents aussi. Henri et Marie jouent au football dans la cour. Ils sont appelés pour le dîner. Les enfants vont au lit. La mère et le père vont au lit aussi. Les enfants sont fatigués. La mère et le père sont fatigués aussi.

Helen Emerson,

Grade VIII, Nelson Hall.

## UN VOYAGE INTÉRESSANT

L'EAU de la baie de Puget était basse.

Le soleil était monté dans le ciel. Ce jour-là nous allions faire un voyage en auto à l'intérieure de l'île de Vancouver. Le déjeuner avait été mis dans l'auto et à dix heures et demie nous sommes partis. Après quelques moments nous avons laissé la plage de Qualicum derrière nous. Le paysage était joli; beaucoup d'agneaux couraient sur le cours de golf et les petits oiseaux chantaient joyeusement. A midi nous sommes arrêtés à un joli petit lac. Il s'appelait le lac Cameron. Au bord de ce lac nous avons pris notre déjeuner. Après le déjeuner les jeunes



filles ont ramassé de belles pierres. Alors nous sommes arrivés au Bois de la Cathédrale. Ici les grands et gros arbres sont très âgés. Maintenant j'étais une naine dans un bois de géants. Nous sommes allés ensuite au port d'Alberni. C'est une petite ville qui se trouve sur la côte de l'ouest. Un grand paquebot était au quai. Nous sommes restés au port d'Alberni pendant deux heures et ensuite nous sommes rentrés chez nous. Quand nous sommes arrivés il faisait nuit. Le soleil rouge était descendu à l'ouest. L'eau de la baie de Puget était haute. Nous avons eu une belle journée.

Margaret Jamieson,  
Grade XI, Douglas Hall.

### FAUST

**I**M FEBRUAR kam die Operngesellschaft "Monte Carlo" nach Winnipeg. Das war ein groszes Ereignis in unserm Leben, weil wir noch nie eine Opera gehört hatten. Wir wählten Gounod's Faust, weil wir das Drama durch Goethe's Meisterwerk kennen.

Mephisto war besonders gut in der Szene im Studierzimmer, wenn ihm Faust seine Seele verspricht für ewige Jugend.

Margarete sang sehr gut in der hübschen Gartenszene, und als sie später das Schmuckkästchen findet. Auch das Spinnlied gefiel uns sehr.

Der letzte Akt ist sehr trübsch. Margarete ist im Gefängnis, und ihr Geist ist zerstört. Faust will sie retten, aber Margarete weigert sich mit ihm zu fliehen, weil sie Mephisto neben ihm sieht. Sie fällt tot zu Boden. Die Opera endet mit der tröstenden Botschaft des himmlischen Chores:

"Sie ist gerettet!"

Robin Little  
Jackie Porteous

### LES SAUVOUREAUX CALEÇONS

**D**E temps à autre, l'industrie textile publie des avis au public pour les mettre en garde contre les dangers de laver certaines étoffes ersatz. Récemment une ménagère parisienne avait mis à bouillir les sous-vêtements tout neufs de son mari, puis elle est sortie pour faire quelque achats.

Pendant son absence, son mari est rentré, affamé. Allant droit à la cuisinette, il a soulevé le couvercle de la casserole, à trouvé que, ma foi, le mélange sentait fort bon, et il s'est installé à table, constatant avec joie que sa femme avait enfin trouvé une manière sauveuse d'accommoder les navets.

Trouvez-vous étonnant que des textiles fabriqués avec des carottes et des navets donnent à la cuisson quelque chose qui ne rapelle en rien le caleçon?

### UN PROBLÈME MONDAIN

— Papa, pourquoi est-ce que la mariée est en blanc?

— Chut! . . . Elle est en blanc parce qu'il fait beau, parce qu'il y a du soleil, parce qu'elle est gaie, parce qu'elle est heureuse. . . .

— Et le marié, papa, alors, pourquoi est-ce qu'il est en noir?

Maman: Tu pleures parce que tu n'as pas eu la bicyclette que tu demandais?

Jacques: Non c'est parce que je regrette d'avoir été sage pendant quinze jours pour l'avoir.

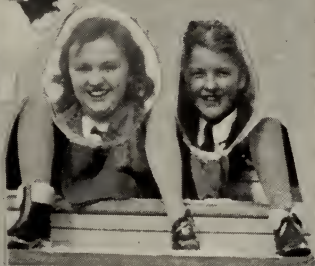
Papa: Oui, mon fils, si le loup a mangé l'agneau c'est que l'agneau n'était pas prudent.

Pierre: Je comprends, papa. S'il avait été prudent c'est nous qui l'aurions mangé.











# H U M O R

Gail: "Ever heard of the boy who dropped a match into some benzine?"

Evelyn: "No."

Gail: "Well, he hasn't benzine since."

★

Gladys, our Scotch lass, was stripping wallpaper from her room when Margaret came to see her.

"Well, Gladys," asked Margaret, are you going to have new paper?"

"Nae, nae," replied Gladys, "I'm just moving to another room."

★

Jean: "Why doesn't the moon ever get rich?"

Donalda: "I guess it's because it spends all its quarters getting full."

★

Miss Bell: "Girls, I'm dismissing you early from the lab. today. Please be quiet, so as not to waken the other classes."

★

Judy was just home after her first day at school. "Well, dear," asked her mother, "what did they teach you?"

"Not much," she replied, "I have to go again."

★

They were rather late in arriving at the station and Joan said: "You run ahead and hold the train, dear."

Shirley (sarcastically): "And just how should I hold it, gently in my arms, or with a claw-like grip?"

★

"Oh, I've lost another pupil," said the teacher, as her glass eye rolled down the sink.

★

Leona: "Yesterday I saw five men standing under one umbrella, and not one of them got a drop of water on himself."

Nancy: "Gee, it must have been a big umbrella!"

Leona: "Oh no, it wasn't raining."

Miss Burns (teaching the alphabet): "Now, dear, what comes after O?"

Diana: "Yeah!"

★

"Mrs. Price," said Valery, just returning from a walk, "I've seen a man who makes horses."

"Are you sure?" asked Mrs. Price.

"Yes," said Valery, "he had a horse almost finished when I saw him; he was just nailing his back feet on."

★

Overheard by Miss Douglas and Miss Fuller on a crowded street-car: "Why are you sitting there with your eyes closed, Bill?" asked Mac. "Are you ill?"

"No, I just can't stand to see women standing," replied Bill.

★

Barb: "What did you say?"

Heather: "I don't know, I wasn't listening."

★

Miss Bell: "Isn't it amazing that the light from the sun travels at 186,000 miles per second?"

Peggy: "Oh, I don't know, it's traveling downhill all the way."

★

Alec: "You know, my garden is a jewel."

Margaret McM.: "Why?"

Alec: "Fourteen carrots."

★

Mrs. Jobin: "How many days are there in a year?"

Lorraine: "Three hundred and sixty-five and a fourth."

Mrs. Jobin: "How could there be a fourth of a day?"

Lorraine: "That's the fourth of July."

★

Mrs. Little (giving a lesson in Natural History): "What do elephants have that no other animals have?"

Audrey: "Little elephants."

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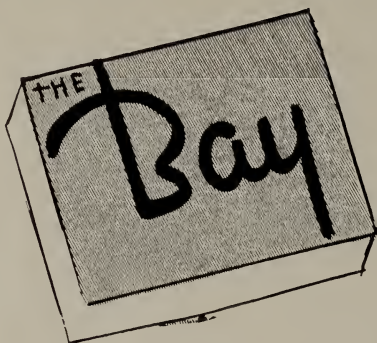
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She was rather small, and had been used to sleeping with a night-light in the room, but her parents had decided that she must start sleeping in the dark. When her mother put out the light, she asked plaintively, "Must I sleep in the dark tonight, Mummy?"

"Yes, dear," was the reply, "you are getting to be a big girl now."

"Well, may I say my prayers over again—more carefully?"

★

Marjorie: "There goes Lois in Nancy's car."

Beverly: "Why, I thought it belonged to her. She told me she put all her money into it."

Marjorie: "She did, she bought a gallon of gas for it."

★

Gladys: "Is my hair even at the back?"

Robin: "Your hair isn't even at the back."

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